

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. I.

GREENVILLE, S. C.: FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1854.

NO. 11.

The Southern Enterprise,

A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

WILLIAM B. BRIDGE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

T. J. & W. P. Price, Publishers.

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Original Poetry.

For the Southern Enterprise.
Lines to Lena.

BY ORLANDO.

I've seen thee—and would see again
Thy charms divinely fair;
To see once more thy loveliness
Would drive away my care.

I've felt the pressure of thy hand
So gently in my own;
Again I'd feel its soft embrace,
And listen to each tone.

I've heard thee sing the songs we love;
Once more I'd hear the lays
Which brought sweet feelings to my heart
A thousand little ways.

I've heard thee speak of friends—the first
In life's bright morning; you knew;
And I, though late, to call a friend
Should be a first and true.

When shall I see thee, love, once more,
When shall I once more stand
Within the beauties of thy home
And grasp thy gentle hand?

When shall I hear again thy voice,
To hear you sweetly sing,
And make again my soul rejoice,
And pleasant feelings bring?

Oh! let it be when I shall come,
Once more to set beside
Thee in thy happy, happy home,
To claim thee as my bride.

Then will I chase my gloom away,
My lonely hours give o'er;
And but with thee in love to stay,
And roam again no more.
Greenville, S. C., July 22, 1854.

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Grave in the Wilderness.

BY COMLY JESSUP.

What a field of romance there is in the West! Like its own beautiful prairies, it spreads before the traveller, inviting him to pluck the many colored flowers that bloom around him. The story of the red man of the forest and plain, his wrongs, his resentments, and his inevitably approaching fate, are calculated to call up at once the tear of pity and the blush of shame. Though from the nature of things it seems ordained that he should pass away, yet such is the hard fate. His very nature, wild, romantic, and adverse to restraint, renders it impossible that he should ever assimilate himself to the manners and laws of civilized life; and as mankind are still toiling up from the night of barbarism and superstition to the broad noon-light of enlightenment, the poor Indian can but fade away before the coming day.

The valor of King Phillip of Pokanoke, the eloquence of Red Jacket, the indomitable resistance of Tecumseh, the heart-burning wrongs of Osceola, the manly grief of Logan, the calm patience of the Fox Patriarch, and the virtues of Pocahontas, have been themes of story and song; but how many thousand more, whose hearts clung so fondly to their hearth-stones and fathers' graves, have gone down into the shades of oblivion, with no men to perpetrate the memory of their struggles or their fate. It is upon this class of aboriginal inhabitants that the execution of a cruel world have been heaped; to these have the epithets, merciless, revengeful, and blood-thirsty, been applied by their civilized foes scarce less tiger-like than they. When they have seen their homes passing by fraud or violence into the hands of their pale-faced neighbors, when they saw the whites becoming a powerful people, themselves fading away before his approach—becoming yearly weaker and weaker—destined to total extinction, hope sometimes yielded to desperation, and, in the wild frenzy of their excitable nature, they committed excesses which were deepened in spirit and effect by the vengeance and resentment of the whites.

To speak of conquest between our pioneer in here and the sons of the forest is but to relate an old story. To point to the rude mounds now leveled by the wheels of Time, where some victim of strife was hastily

ly laid by his comrades, is but to repeat every day scenes in the early history of the West.

Long years ago, when every foot of the Western frontier was disputed ground, Capt. Ward left his home of peace and security in the East, to endure the hardships and share the dangers of frontier life, taking with him his wife and several small children. He was accompanied by a widowed sister and her son, a noble youth of nineteen. The convenience of a luxuriously furnished room in a majestic steamer, plowing her way through the rippling wavelets laying her sides, was then unknown. Our pioneers embarked in a square built boat, some eight or ten feet broad by fifty in length. They had on board about a dozen horses, besides other stock, and with the man engaged to work the boat there were nearly a dozen persons. Slowly and wearily they drifted down the broad and beautiful Ohio, keeping in the middle of the stream, as well to enjoy the current, as to avoid danger from the parties of Indians which might be prowling along the shore. Day after day dawned and closed on them, and they had passed the great border battle-ground, where wild, undisciplined valor was struggling to resist the approach of usurpation and civilization. They no longer feared the deadly missiles from the shores, nor started at every sound that came to their ears, as at the footsteps of an unseen foe. A sense of security naturally brings with it a relaxation of vigilance and a diminution of caution.

Just at the close of a beautiful day, the rowers weary of labor, had ceased and the boat was drifting down the current, when Ward called to his pilot:

"Rogers, suppose we put in this side of that point yonder, fasten our boat to one of those trees, and put up for the night."

"It looks like a good place," replied Rogers, "and I am in favor of stopping; besides, I hear some wild turkeys, and would like to have one for breakfast."

The boat turned toward the point in question, the children were all animation at the idea of stretching their cramped and wearied limbs on the shore; the women were already getting out their provisions and making preparations for supper. They were within fifty yards of the shore, when their attention was arrested by the cracking of a stick. The Captain remarked that instead of Turkey they might have supper on venison.

"No," shouted Rogers, who was steering the boat, "it's Indians! Row for your lives or we are all dead!" With all haste the boat was put about, but before it was headed towards the middle of the stream, the crash of a hundred rifles broke upon the stillness of those mighty solitudes, and a shower of balls swept around the little boat. The nephew of the Captain sprang up, seized his rifle and fired at the foremost Indian, who from his dress appeared to be the leader of the band. The Indian fell, and the young man at the same moment. The cool and intrepid exertions of the oarsmen soon placed them beyond the reach of danger; as they knew it to be only a hunting party, they were aware that they were destitute of canoes and did not fear pursuit; still their condition was a deplorable one. Many of their horses were killed, others were wounded and plunged fearfully; one child, severely wounded lay in the boat, his head supported by his mother, while the crimson current of life flowed rapidly from his bosom. He whispered a few words of encouragement and consolation to his mother, breathed a prayer commending his spirit to heaven, and expired.

Night thickened around them. Silently they sought the shore, and in silence partook of their humble repast, and in sorrow prepared the last resting-place of the dead. No white-robed priest stood beside the lonely grave to utter a prayer over the departed, but the heart-broken mother knelt beside the remains of her only child; and placing her hand above that heart, now stifled forever, breathed such a prayer as only a soul crushed by sorrow still relying on Heaven can utter. Many cheeks were wet within that little group, and from eyes unused to weep, the tear of pity flowed. In the morning Rogers assisted the mother in placing a rough stone at the head of the grave, and the little band of adventurers, saddened by the events of the past, yet hopeful of the future, started again on their journey towards the setting sun.

Long and chequered years have passed, and the whole face of the mighty West has changed. The red man, driven back before the rolling tide of civilization, no longer lurks upon the banks of the Queen of Rivers. The unsightly rafts that drifted upon its quiet waters have given place to floating palaces, furnished with all the conveniences and comforts that taste or comfort can suggest. Long after the event which we have related had transpired, Rogers, then an old hunter, stood beside that simple stone, the mound they had piled above the pulseless clay had sunk to a level with the surrounding earth—and his eye moistened as he related the incident to a comrade, and his lip quivered as he would stop his story with, "Ah! preachers may talk of sublimity, but I never saw any religion so sublime as that of that mother by the side of the grave of her son in the wilderness."

Employers and Employed.

JOHN he's too honest.

"Ah, how so?"

Why he has lost many a bargain because he will insist on telling every thing he knows about what he's selling.

"That's unlucky."

"Yes—now when you are putting off your hay, you don't feel yourself bound to tell just how it was cut and got in, whether or not you had a little sprinkle of rain upon it, or whether the lot will run as well as the sample."

"Certainly not."

"If you did you wouldn't get your price for it."

Returning to the city in one of our Eastern trains of cars a few mornings since, we overheard two gentlemen on the seat behind us delivering with great energy the dialogue commenced above. We felt under no obligation to put our fingers in our ears, and so we were favored with more of the same sort.

"I now," continued the first speaker, "I tell John, when a customer is looking at a case of my boots, he isn't obliged to dig up every pair in the box and display to him every flaw in the leather, and every slip of the knife, and the quality of the thread, and all that. If he wants to make a trade he must put the best face on the article he can, and may be sure the purchaser will make allowance enough for defects."

"Precisely."

"But I can't make that boy understand the matter. It's just so with all of that family. It runs in the blood. His father before him had the same failing, or he might have been a rich man. John won't tell anything but what is exactly true about the boots, and he will tell all that is true."

"What do you keep him for?"

"Well, I've thought a good many times I should get rid of him, but you see I can trust John myself—I don't have to watch him in any thing between him and me. I always know what to depend upon where John is concerned. He'd cut off his right hand, I do verily believe, before he'd cheat me out of a mill. But I have to take care how I leave customers in his hands. When I am there I attend to them myself—but when I am away they find out a little more of the art of bootmaking than I care to have them know."

"That's all nonsense. There's no use in setting up for such special honesty. If everybody traded on such principles it would do. But if one man undertakes it alone he'll soon go to the wall. The fact is, if we tell the worst about our goods we actually misrepresent—for the purchaser will suppose all the while we are saying the best we can, and that the actual worst is far beyond what we have admitted. Oh, it won't do at all."

Honest John! brave John! heroic John. Our heart warmed towards the unknown incorruptible one that kept his integrity through such a fiery ordeal. God bless him and shield him, and deliver him out of the hands of Philistines.

And this is the way, we thought, that many an employer sets about corrupting the unprotected youth committed to his care and training. This is the sort of nature under which many a youthful aspirant for a business career is indoctrinated in the mercantile virtues. These are the models and exemplars after which are exhorted to take pattern in their practice, if they would win golden fortunes.

Would that we could blow a trumpet of warning for parents and guardians in the country who seek so earnestly places for their sons and wards in our mercantile houses in the city. Beware what snares you spread for their unwary feet. Find out the character of the men to whom you entrust the keeping of such precious interests. Be sure that they prize truth and honesty, not only when these traits subserve directly their own self interest, but when they sometimes interfere with a "good bargain." Fortify, specially, the hearts of those you send forth on such a perilous venture, with an inflexible and steady attachment to uprightness and virtue—and then uphold and shield them on these slippery heights of temptation by intercession with Heaven.—*Agriculturist.*

THINK—Thought engenders thought, place one idea upon paper another will follow it, and still another until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts giving the utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas come out in lumps—homely and shapeless—but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think and you will soon learn to write; and the more you think, the better will you express your ideas.

It is a strange thing, but true nevertheless, that a lover is most easily influenced by the woman who does not care for him; she is disturbed by no fears or doubts; fretted by no jealousies, she is ready to flatter, and collected enough to observe when and where the flattery will tell. Having no feelings of her own to control, she is better able to note his, and take her course accordingly.

Democratic Celebration.

Remarks of Hon. JAMES L. ORR,

At the Democratic Celebration held in Independence Square, Philadelphia, on the Fourth Day of July, 1854.

Hon. James L. Orr, member of Congress from South Carolina, (who was received with great applause,) said:

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens of Philadelphia:—The day we celebrate is consecrated in the affections of the American people, and this morning's dawn was ushered in by the booming of a thousand cannons. Who can tell but the melting rays of to-day's sun are typical of the fervent patriotism which glows in the American heart? To the remotest borders of this great confederacy, one unbroken stream of grateful gratulation pours out from the same American heart to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who heard the prayers of our fathers, and who has preserved to their posterity the rich legacy left by the revolution. If the day bring so much of gladness to our countrymen everywhere, need it excite surprise that its return is enthusiastically hailed by the vast concourse of Philadelphians who throng this square. If there be any one portion above another of our countrymen who should hallow, revere, and celebrate the natal day of our liberty, it is the people of Philadelphia. [Cheers.] We are standing now within the shadow of Independence Hall. The same walls without that now echo my voice, seventy-eight years ago echoed within the patriotic words of Jefferson, and Franklin, and Hancock, and their noble associates. Your fathers then stood where you are now standing, when they mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors to support the Declaration which has been read in your hearing. Welcome, then, one and all, to this political Mecca. [Cheers.]

Time forbids that I should recount the causes, or dwell upon the history, of the revolution. It would be the repetition of "an oft-told tale;" suffice it here to say, that the soul swells with admiration when contemplating the daring, the lofty courage of those brave and gallant men, who hazarded all that is dear in this life, save honor, in subscribing in yonder hall that Declaration which irrevocably made them traitors to George the Third, or free, independent American citizens. It was here they passed the Rubicon to encounter the most powerful nation on earth in the field of battle; powerful in her wealth, powerful in her credit, powerful in her numbers and available resources, and, above all, powerful in a two hundred years' prestige of invincibility against every foe in every land, and upon every sea. They were bound to old England by ties numerous and strong, of affection and interest. It was the birth-place and home of their fathers, many of the glittering stars their ancestors were won doing battle under old England's flag. Here was every consideration to influence their fear and their affections; but, "with a firm reliance in Divine Providence," confident in the justice of their cause, and the oppressions of the exactions of the mother country pressing heavily upon their proud spirits, they resolved to make the land the cemetery of freemen, rather than continue it the "home of slaves." [Loud applause.] They redeemed their every pledge to the cause of freedom, and we are now the recipients of the priceless boon. Let Pennsylvania be ever vigilant and watchful in preserving that whose purchase cost so much of tribulation and danger, so much of blood and treasure. You are the custodians now of that great citadel of liberty, (pointing to Independence Hall.) All its triumphs, its memories, its portraits, its history, gratitude for the past, thanks for the present, and hopes for the future, exhort you to preserve and perpetuate that vital flame which was kindled in 1776. Let it not go out here, if you would escape the execrations of posterity for infidelity in guarding your sacred trust.

The great end of the revolution was to secure civil and religious liberty. Nor did our ancestors misjudge its value in developing the resources, physical, moral, and intellectual, of man.

Look to its civil results. Under republican government we have grown and prospered and expanded far beyond the most sanguine imagination of the most hopeful devotee of liberty. Our shores are now washed by the two great oceans east and west. Nearly one-half of the North American continent bears upon its generous bosom teeming millions of American citizens, who make their own laws and worship at their chosen shrines. From 3,000,000 we have swelled to 25,000,000. From poverty and ignorance and weakness we have grown rich, intelligent, and strong. Our sails whiten every sea, and our enterprise and energy penetrate into every land. No longer does the British lion strike terror into the hearts of our women and children. We are now here equal in all the elements of national greatness, and here superior in every characteristic of personal liberty and political independence. Great Britain undertook to manage our local affairs by assuming the right to legislate for us while we were colo-

nies. The Parliament assumed that they were better judges of our wants and necessities than our own colonial legislatures. They undertook to regulate the domestic policy of their distant dependencies. They imposed duties upon tea, without consulting us, and in every manner asserted their right to govern us. Our fathers, who had encountered the perils of the ocean, and the greater perils of a savage wilderness, who had fled from Europe to escape political and religious intolerance, could not long brook such an unjust assumption. They petitioned, importuned, remonstrated the British government without avail; they took their rights in their own keeping, and, after a long and doubtful struggle, established a new fundamental article in the science of government—the great American doctrine of the right of the people to govern themselves. [Great cheering.] No tenet in political science has more thoroughly vindicated its wisdom than this, and when brought into issue its orthodoxy has not been questioned for seventy-eight years until a few months past. It is said by some, who have forgotten or renounced the teachings and principles of their fathers, now that the people of Kansas and Nebraska are incapable of governing themselves, and that the Congress must assume the same guardianship over these distant Territories as the Parliament claimed over the colonies.—Where is the American feeling in the bosom of any man, who, from fanatical zeal for the African slaves, whose condition he cannot improve, is willing to renounce this great doctrine of our fathers? [Cheers.] Abolitionism and fanaticism mistake the heart of this country, in supposing that when they cry out against slavery, it will cause the people to repudiate the principles upon which the government is based. [Cheers.] The country owes my distinguished friend, who will follow me, the "Little Giant of the Great West," Senator Douglas, [immense applause,] a debt of gratitude for his powerful and successful advocacy of this principle I have been discussing, and for its triumphant vindication in the Kansas-Nebraska bill.

With all the misrepresentations which have been poured out upon that measure, the people are now beginning to understand truly its provisions; and its greatest principle—the one so fiercely assailed by whigs and abolitionists—is the very principle for which our fathers fought the revolution. Will you now take the side your fathers did, or will you take the side of the British Parliament?

The people of Kansas and Nebraska have had conferred upon them by Congress the right to regulate their own domestic concerns according to their own wishes and inclinations. Is it right? Who will say it is wrong? Who knows best what are the wants of our fellow-citizens in the valley of the Kansas, or the Upper Missouri—the representatives they elect to their own territorial legislature, or the Congress of the United States, when not a single member, perhaps, has made a footprint in Kansas or Nebraska? and which would likely legislate wisely for them—the territorial legislature or Congress? The statement of the question carries the answer with it. If a Pennsylvanian now has the right to make his own laws is there in the atmosphere of Kansas when he moves there rendering him less competent to do the same thing there? This right, conferred by Congress on the Territories, is subject to but one limitation, which all concede is just; and that is that their legislation shall not contravene the constitution of the United States—a limitation that exists as to the States, and should in the Territories.

As this is a democratic celebration, it will not be improper that I should say that I felt the highest pride in seeing nearly all of your democratic representatives in Congress sustaining the bill and maintaining that great principle first asserted on this hallowed spot 78 years ago by Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher and patriot of Pennsylvania, and his compeers. It was becoming in the representatives of the democracy of Pennsylvania to vindicate the principles which you have so long professed, by coming boldly forward and sustaining the bill with enlightened wisdom and manly independence. [Cheers.]

But the revolution not only secured civil liberty by depositing the authority of the King and making the people political sovereigns, but it established another great American principle which has exercised a potent influence on the moral nature of our race; it established religious liberty; it separated church and State; it denied the right of the former any political power as an organization. It said to the Puritans, the Cavaliers, and the Hugonots, who had fled religious intolerance and proscription, here you may worship according to the dictates of your conscience, and none shall make you afraid. The timid feared that it would lead to infidelity, religion, and anarchy, but time has proven its wisdom. The support of the ministry, the erection of church buildings, and all outlays for spiritual objects, is left to the volition of the citizen. He can give or withhold. The law recognises no sect or denomination—all are equal and equally protected. How has it worked! We have as moral a nation as any upon the globe. We have as many professors of religion for our population. Our churches are more numer-

ous, and as well furnished as in any other country; and piety and religion nowhere has more reverence and respect than in the United States.

Mr. Jefferson, whose name is inseparably united, and must so continue through time, with free government—he who penned that great Declaration—was President of the United States—the father of the democratic party—and the great apostle of republicanism—who spent a long and eventful life in the arduous service of his country, when the weight of years pressed sorely upon his tottering frame, in the quiet solitude of his own Monticello, calmly reviewing his own history—he selected three great achievements to carry his name to posterity, and directed this inscription upon the granite obelisk that should mark the spot where he lies, "Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the author of the statute of Virginia establishing religious freedom, and the father of the University of Virginia." [Cheers.] He considered the establishment of religious freedom an achievement worthy to be classed by the side of the Declaration of Independence. He knew the enormities growing out of a union of Church and State. He knew that such a junction was at war with personal liberty as well as with true religion, and time has shown that the State prospers best independent of religion, and religion prospers best independent of the State. We must keep them separate, confine each to its sphere, if our future is to continue bright and prosperous as our past.

There has recently been some commotion on the political boards, growing out of it is said, a new secret politico-religious association. I "know nothing" of its faith or its hopes. [Cheering and laughter among the democrats.]

It is supposed that its purpose is to supplant the Catholic religion and to ostracise every person who was not born upon American soil, and every one whose father was not born here. Now, this is a "different policy from the one our fathers pursued; they invited here every foreigner to our shores, and Patrick Henry was indignant when it was proposed to exclude such as turned Tories even and fled the country during the revolution. It is assumed by this association that the priests of the Catholic church exercise political influence over their members. This may or may not be so. I do not profess to know. I have no affinities with the Catholic church. I was reared under the teachings of the shorter catechism and the Westminster confession of faith. There are not fifty Catholics or one hundred naturalized or un-naturalized foreigners in my congressional district, and hence my perfect exemption from any personal or political considerations in forming a judgement with reference to this new association. Suppose it true that the priests meddle in politics, we all unite in condemning it, for we think Church and State should be kept separate; but this new organization proceeds to a politico-religious association, secret, holding its meetings clandestinely, to counteract the priests. The end, then, is to justify the means; but two wrongs will not make one right. The "know-nothings" do the very thing which they complain of the priests for doing. I do not perceive and difference between Catholic Jesuitism and Protestant Jesuitism—both are intolerant. But in this country I protest in the name of the constitution, in the name of liberty itself, against a secret political organization which fears to avow its principles, which shrinks from their discussion, and which makes its members, by secret pledge, spies in every household. There is no excuse in this country for secret political societies. Every measure in the federal and State legislature undergoes public scrutiny and debate. No citizen is or ought to be afraid to avow his political sentiments, and the secrecy which marks the proceedings of this order shows that they do or say something which they are afraid or ashamed for the world to know. It is time that the eyes of the country should be turned towards them, and their schemes discontinued until they cast off the veil. It is violative of the genius and spirit of our government, and will bear bitter fruits for our country if it is not blotted.

It is said that their forces in election—political elections—where all go together, regardless of principle and consistency—practise a guerrilla war, fighting on the side promising the best pay. If this be true, what is their standard of morality? I call the attention of my democratic friends, however, to the fact, that in all the municipal elections that I have observed where the "know-nothings" have triumphed, it has always been a *whig* election, where the office was one of any importance or real value.

Let not democrats, then, be deluded into the organization, or they will find themselves embraced in the arms of whiggery, native-Americanism, and all the other isms that infest the land. [Cheers.]

There can be but two great parties in the country. These temporary organizations may for a brief while attain the position of *balance-of-power* parties, but they soon lose it; and parties to be permanent must be divided on principle. The division here is between the strict and the latitudinous constructionists, between economy, and extravagance, between State rights and federalism, and it is now too late in her history for me to ap-